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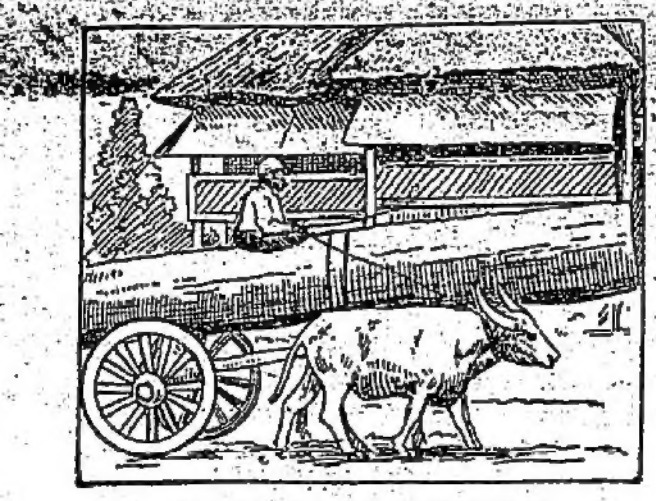
From Siam.

(By the Rev. W. F. Shields, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Many are interested in the industries of a country remote from their own. Siam is America's antipode, and the industries of this country, from the capital city to the borders of China are not without interest. A chief industry throughout the kingdom is the production of rice. Vast quantities of rice are raised in lower Siam for exportation. Many vessels leave Bangkok annually laden with this product for the various ports of the world. Machinery has been invented for hulling the rice, and the visitor to Bangkok will not only see the smoke of these mills, but also in many places large numbers of natives pounding the hull off the rice according to the primitive custom of the country. In the northern part of the kingdom, among the Laos, rice is raised for food only. The distance to the seaport is so great that rice could be taken there only at great expense. No greater misfortune could befall this people than a rice famine; for thereby much suffering would be entailed, as there is absolutely nothing here that can supply its place as food.

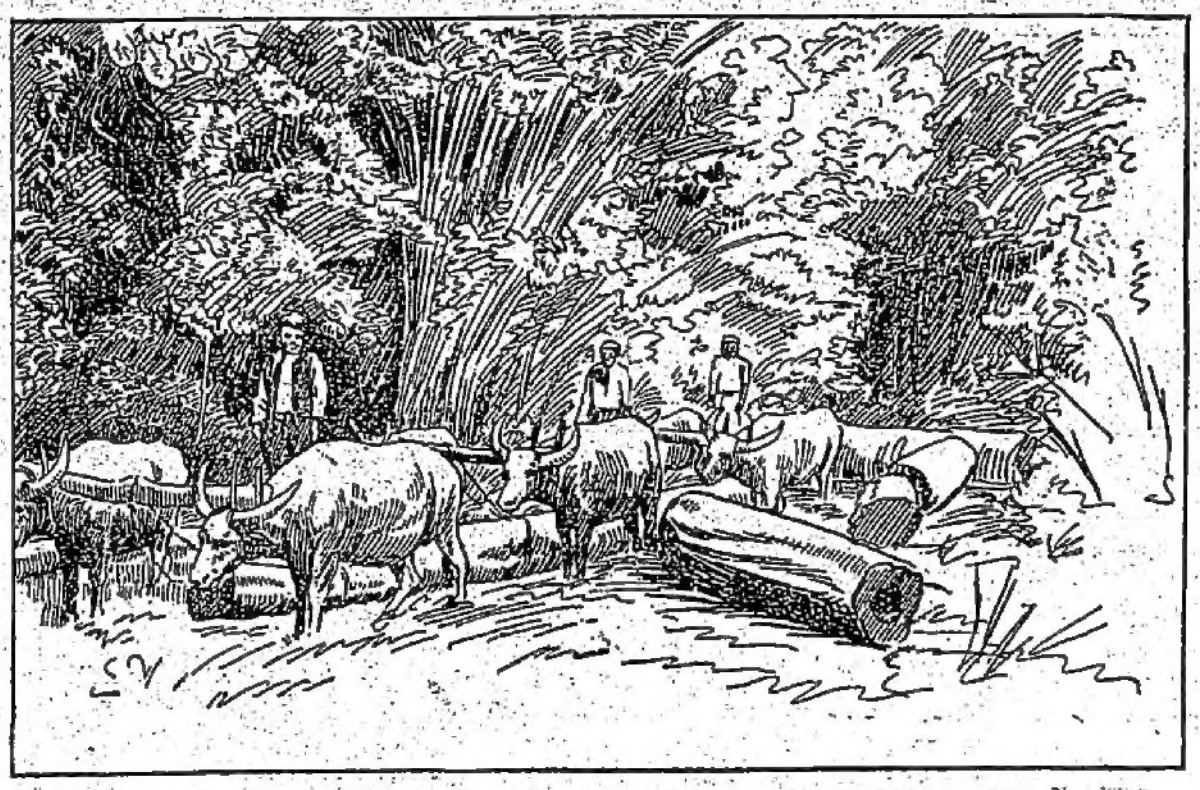
A prominent industry is the rearing of herds of cattle and buffalo. The cattle are



THE BUFFALO CARTING LOGS.

useful to carry the produce of the interior to the navigable rivers, and in turn merchandise and produce back into the interior. Large numbers are sometimes bought and driven to Maulmein for beef, and many are shipped from Bangkok to Singapore for the same purpose. The water buffalo is used to plough the rice fields and drag wood. He is a very useful and indispensable animal. No native is allowed to kill an animal for food, as that would be breaking the chief command of Buddha. When any animal dies of old age or disease, it is immediately devoured by the people, skin, meat, entrails, bones and all.

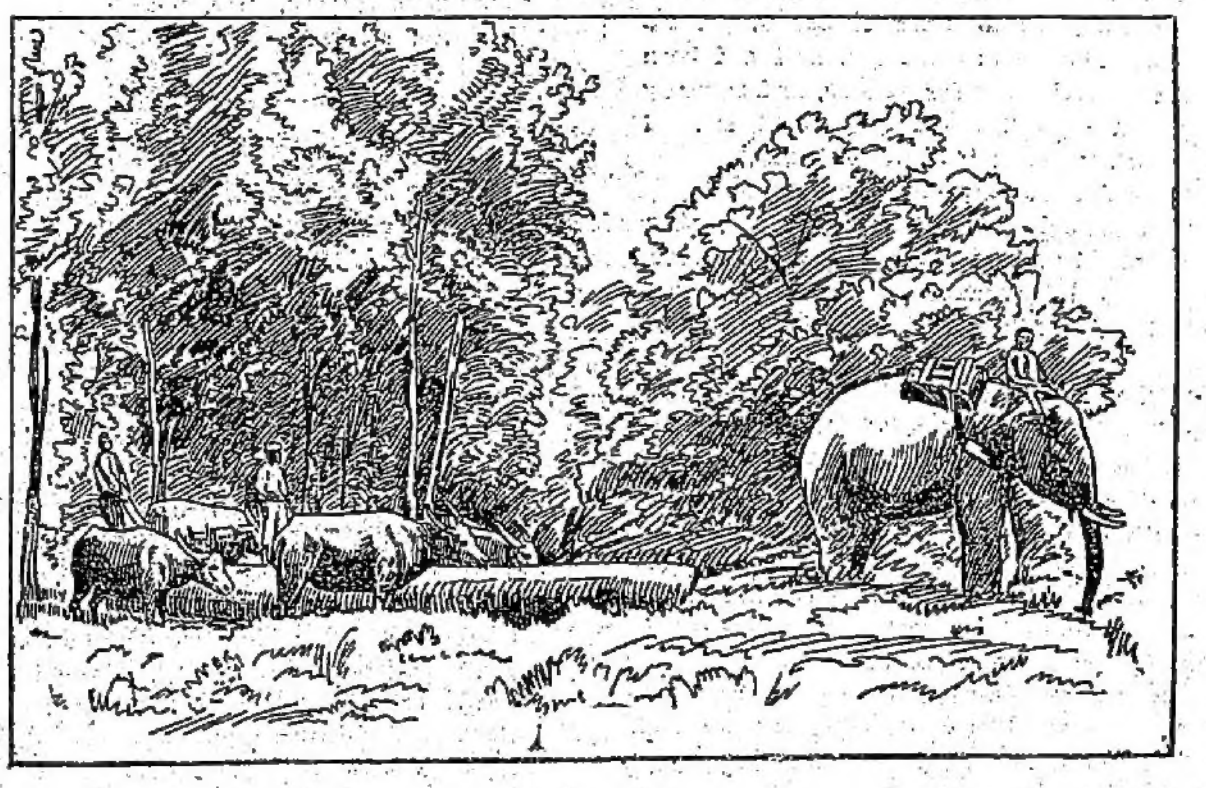
The most noted industry of the country is the teak trade. There are many different kinds of timber in the country, but teak is the only kind that is extensively worked. All over this country, stretching up into Burmah, are immense teak forests. The Siamese government is now wisely taking steps to perpetuate these forests by requiring that for every tree felled, a number of young trees be planted, and that all trees felled must be of a certain size. In every important centre here you will find the European representing one or more of the many companies that are engaged in the teak trade. Sometimes



THE BUFFALOES DRAGGING LOGS.

you find the Chinaman representing much capital pressing for supremacy in this trade side by side with the strongest European companies. Vast sums are expended, and great fortunes are made out of the teak. This timber is many years in reaching maturity, ranging from eight to one hundred and twenty years. When seasoned, this lumber works more easily than pine, and is used for many purposes. It takes on a most beautiful finish, and is hence used for furniture and elegant interior work. One of the uses to which it is extensively put is ship-building. It has great elasticity, and resists the climate with great persistency. When green it is heavier than water, but when seasoned, it is much lighter and will float.

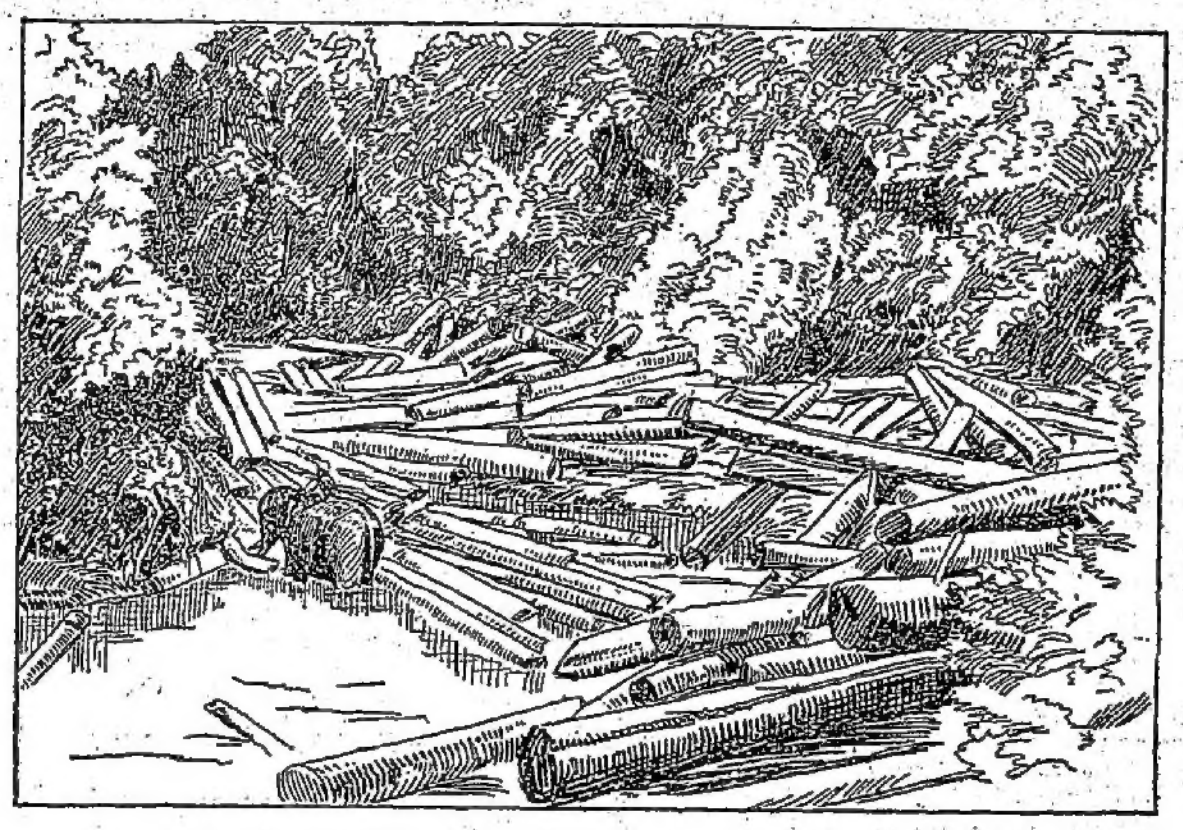
The trees are girdled on the mountain side, and let stand until they die and season, then they are felled and dragged down into the mountain ravines, there to await the heavy rains, when they are worked down the ravines by the elephants to the larger streams, thence to the main water arteries leading to Bangkok. In these large streams they are formed into rafts, in which they are taken to the sea port. Sometimes a mountain ravine is simply filled with teak logs, as seen in the illustration, and it is the elephant's business to work them down the stream, and if you look closely you will see him there for work. But when the logs have reached the lower ground, and must be dragged some distance to reach the desired stream, then the task is more difficult, but the ingenuity of the native and the power of the elephant are equal to the emergency. A road is made by cutting small trees and laying them at right angles to the direction the log is to be dragged, and then with one or more elephants the largest log is dragged with ease. When you see these noble beasts at work, they awaken within you an admiration, and demonstrate the wisdom of God, in



ELEPHANT AIDED BY WATER BUFFALO.

the adaptability of all his works. Sometimes the elephant is aided in his task by the water buffalo, an animal peculiar to Eastern Asia. In the picture you see him harnessed and hitched and ready to go. North of us in Burmah, the buffalo is sometimes used to drag these logs alone, sometimes on the ground, and at other times by means of the cart.

In the season of heavy rains, when the streams are swollen, thousands of teak logs



TEAK LOGS IN A RAVINE—THE ELEPHANT THERE FOR WORK.

pass our compounds on the floods. So plentiful is this wood, that all our houses and fencing are of this material. The teak business is Laos's source of wealth. This is where all the Chows get their money, and from it the King of Siam derives a large revenue.

A Missionary Offering.

A few days ago a young lady under appointment as a missionary to Africa came to my home. She was a young woman of culture and refinement, had travelled extensively, and held high positions as a teacher in our schools. Now she laid it all, her culture, at Jesus' feet, and said sweetly and quietly, 'I will go for thee, Master, to Africa.'

'Why to Africa?' I asked.

'Because,' she replied, 'I want to go to a truly heathen land. And then, again, I can go to Africa, and if I die, no one will be left alone. Missionaries who have families can more easily go to India or Japan. I did not want to go to Germany, as I had been there several times for culture, and to many it might seem like simply going again. I go now for Jesus; it shall be Africa.'

'How did the duty first come to you?'

'The thought nestled in my heart; then it grew. I told no one, not even my father. I wanted it permanently settled before I told him,' and her eyes grew dreamy for a moment, and the words came slowly:

'When I offered myself for Africa,' she continued, 'there was some delay before my acceptance, and I found myself praying that if the way did not open, I might be willing to stay at home. I think I never was so happy as when I knew I could go. We were holding revival services at that time, and one evening, on my way to church, I met the secretary of the mission board, and he said to me, "You are accepted for Africa." For a moment I thought I was in heaven, such joy was mine. I went on to church. I was greatly interested in one of the college girls, who was under conviction, and in my interest for her I forgot about Africa. I went to her and besought her to give herself to Jesus. She consented, and I went and knelt with her at the altar. I was greatly rejoiced over this, but as I returned to my room it came back to me, "I am going to Africa for Jesus," and then, again, that sweeping, overwhelming joy filled my heart,' and pausing she pressed the sweet lips tightly, while her face lit up with a heavenly glow.

And still she talked on, 'It will take only five weeks to reach Freetown, and then, oh, the joy of telling the glad tidings of a Saviour's love!' As she arose to go I folded her in my arms; so young, so bright, so accomplished, and yet no thought of self showed itself in word or manner. Consecrated to Christ! I looked long into the beautiful face. I seemed to see Africa, its noble table-lands, its luxuriant forests, its millions of souls, while I realized as never before, 'Africa stretches out her hands to you.' Again I pressed her to my heart, while from its depths welled up the words, 'The Lord go with thee, and bless thee!' then the sweet face melted, the sensitive lips quivered, and softly whispering 'Good-bye'; she was gone. I turned away with tears, while a great, sweet gladness thrilled me, that by "dying for Africa," or rather, by thus living for Jesus, all the world would know how she loved him. O comrades, let us crowd the altar with our offerings, and from adoring hearts cry, 'Me, too; blessed Lord; I love thee, too.'—Mrs. M. N. Benschoten.

Killing An African Snake.

The following is abridged from a letter by Mrs. McKenzie, of Bonginda, Congo, given in 'Regions Beyond,'

'Opposite to this station is a large island covered with grass and bush. The grass is so tall and coarse that you could not possibly walk through it, and if a man were to try and struggle through it, he would get his face and hands badly cut and his clothes torn. At one end of the island is a small portion of land cleared of bush, and on this are built two shimbaks, or native huts, made of palm-leaves, and one large log house. Two Christians live over there in the huts, In the large house are kept our goats and sheep, and Nsombo (a native convert) lives on the island to take care of them.

'One night Nsombo and his wife were alone on the island, when they were awakened out of their sleep by hearing a loud shrieking in the goat-house. Nsombo jumped up, seized a stick, and ran to see what was the matter. Imagine how horrified he was to see a huge serpent, ten or eleven feet long, gazing at one of the poor sheep, with its cruel, glistening eyes, waiting to devour it! Nsombo had no gun, spear, nor knife, and knew if he touched the terrible creature without killing it, it would be sure to make an end of him instead of the sheep. So he stood quite still until the serpent darted out its forked tongue and stung the sheep, which was too frightened to move. Then the serpent opened its mouth and took in the poor sheep's head and gradually sucked in its whole body. When Nsombo saw that it had swallowed the sheep, he knew it could not drag itself along quickly because of the heavy sheep being inside, so he ran to the beach and called to us for help, No one on the station heard him shouting, but one of our boys in the town, Eliya, heard the noise, and taking an iron-pointed stick in his hand, paddled himself over to the island in a small canoe.

'Then the two crept up softly to the serpent and struck its head with the iron-pointed stick, They had to keep out of the way of its dangerous tongue, and at last severed the head from the body,

'Early next morning I was awakened by a great chattering outside my window, and going out, saw the serpent lying outside the door, Afterwards we cut it open, and took the sheep out quite whole. Then we dried part of the serpent's skin, which is very beautiful. When dried it was so tough and strong that we put a little boy in it and carried him as you might be carried in a hammock.

'Only a year ago Nsombo was a miserable, hunted, runaway slave, who came to us for protection, But now the Lord Jesus has saved him, and he is quite a different man. "God gave me strength to kill the serpent," he said, when telling us his story, and again when the people praised him, he told them the same thing.'—'Christian Herald.'

Gambling.

I rank high among the signs of a choice human youth the clearness of sight and healthiness of soul which make a man refuse to have anything to do with the transference of property by chance, which make him hate and despise betting and gambling under their most approved and fashionable and accepted forms. Plentiful as those vices are among us, they still, in some degree, have the grace to recognize their own disgracefulness by the way in which they conceal themselves. Some sort of hiding and disguise they take instinctively. Let even that help to open our eyes to what they really are. To keep clear of concealment, to keep clear of the need of concealment, to do nothing that he might not do at noonday—I cannot say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. The whole life is different henceforth. When there are questions to be feared, and eyes to be avoided, and subjects which must not be touched, then the bloom of life is gone. Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off for ever if you can. And as you hold no truth for which you cannot give a reason, so let yourself be possessed of no money whose history you dare not tell.—Phillips Brooks.

He who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed.
—W. Wordsworth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Seeds By the Wayside.

(By Julia H. Johnston.)

All was bustle in the Holman family one morning, as preparations for an interesting journey went on. Singular preparations they were, to be sure, for here were piles of bedding, and there a hamper of provisions, while there were no trunks at all, but very modest valises for carrying clothing, and boxes of books and tracts formed a large part of the baggage.

At the door the conveyances waited, and of these there was one apiece, if you will believe it, one apiece for Mr. and Mrs. Holman, and little Faith. As these were wheel-barrows, it is easy to see why three were needed for the family, besides a sort of cart for the luggage. Of course it is plain by this time that this journey was to be undertaken along the wretched roads of China, and this was a missionary family starting out upon an interesting tour, to teach and to preach in some villages where no regular services could be held.

A CHINESE WHEELBARROW WITH SAIL.

It was not an easy and convenient way to travel, certainly, but it was the only available way, and the comfort of the travellers did not weigh against the needs of the work; so all that was needful to keep them in health along the way was provided and packed, bulky as it made the baggage, and off they started. Sometimes Chinese food could be eaten, but oftener it could not, if they were to keep health and strength, and when they wanted meat it would be necessary to 'kill a tin,' as the merry saying goes among missionaries, who must depend upon canned goods extensively.

The first stop that day was at a comparatively comfortable place, where a Chinese helper had arranged for a meeting. Little Faith, as she always did, opened the way for Mrs. Holman to speak to the women.

The next night found the travellers, tired enough after a jolting ride in their barrows over the rough roads, at a small village where the only accommodations to be had under any circumstances proved to be a room lately vacated by a woman who had had measles in a most malignant form. If the room had been well aired, it was all that could be hoped for, if indeed that had taken place. Should they use the room and expose little Faith to the dread disease? There seemed, under the circumstances, no other possible plan, and after taking all precautions in their power they committed themselves to their Father's care—and slept in peace and awakened in safety.

The next stop was at a village never visited by the missionary before, and a curious crowd collected, caring only to hear some new thing. But by-and-bye, from one of the poor little homes, came an old man, almost blind, and almost deaf, bent with the weight of seventy-five years of poverty and toil. Oh! the strange eagerness with which he came, and oh, the sweet surprise when he begged earnestly to be told more about the 'Jesus,' from which it was evident that he already knew something of the truth! Instantly he had the attention of the missionary and of the Chinese helper, who could more easily make things clear to the old man in his own dialect, and they soon heard his wonderful story. Twenty years before he had in some way, gotten hold of a tract entitled, 'The Two Friends,' and had read it with deep interest. It gave him a definite idea of the true God, and ever since then he had tried to live according to the teaching of the precious pages, using faithfully this one gleam of light that had fallen upon his darkness.

Old and poor, ignorant, blind, deaf, did he not set a shining example which many would do well to follow? How many, in this land of light, use all their knowledge as well as this man used his little portion, picked up along the way? How about the Sunday-school scholars? If they practised as faithfully, all they learned, would not there be a wonderful difference in many a school — and many a life?

After being instructed during the missionary's stay, this old Chinaman desired to be baptized, and after the simple service was over, he bowed again and again in speechless joy, unable to express his feelings of gratitude.

The one who dropped that seed by the wayside and the one who gave the money to print the tract are unknown here, nor do they know how the seed was found again *after twenty years, unless they have already* gone to their reward; but God keeps the record safe, and in good time it shall be made known.

Would you not like to have been the one to give that tract, or to have paid for it? The way is open still to do these same things. You may give the message of life to someone near, or give money to send the good news far away. Who will do it, and do it now?

This true incident only proves again what never needs proving, that God will take care of the good seed sown.—'Child's Paper.'

'I Call That Religion.'

('The Presbyter.')

'Yes, captain, religion; old time religion! I wish I had it; and mean to try for it; when is that man coming up the river?'

'I don't know, judge; I think he's taking his last trip on these rivers; his next sail will be right into the kingdom of heaven, I tell you, he's all ready, and his Captain's on board, waiting for him.'

* * * * * *

It was that dreadful summer when the cholera swept through cities and towns on the Illinois River, that the young pastor of a large church was suddenly stricken with hemorrhages of the lungs. The last Sabbath in August there had been the usual services, four funerals, and many visits to the sick and dying. His wife had entreated him to rest.

'John,' she said, 'the Master does not call upon you to do all this; you are killing yourself.'

'No, dear, I'm not, but I will stop soon; every house has sick and dying and many are without Christ; we must help them. Let us pray together for more strength.'

Before daylight Mary Weston was awakened by strange gurgling sounds, and her husband's life seemed to be flowing away. For days he lay between life and death. In a month he could walk about the house. Physicians consulted and decided that he must go to the great pine tar works in Baton Rouge for the winter.

For four years this western church with their beloved pastor had labored and struggled together. God had wonderfully blessed them in granting conversions, and in almost miraculous ways had given them success. A new building was finished and dedicated, and of the earnest, consecrated pastor it was enthusiastically said, 'And the common people heard him gladly.' His work and people were unspeakably precious to his heart. It seemed God's chosen place for his life's best work. There had been great opposition by 'slavery men,' of wealth and influence to this 'abolition church.' It had, with its fearless pastor been violently mobbed, but God had saved them, and public opposition had slowly died out. These same wealthy men gave money to help build the new church and 'to help a man who was not

afraid to preach the truth as it looked to him.'

The blow fell heavily upon the broken-hearted wife, little ones, and his beloved people. The money was raised for the journey; a dear young brother in the church was chosen to go with his pastor down the Illinois River to St. Louis, there to put him on the Mississippi boat. The wife must keep the home and the children.

Never was there greater love between men and women than in the hearts of this man and his people. Tearful, prayerful, earnest good-byes followed him to the steamer; human love reached out to him all that human speech could utter or eyes express.

'Captain, this man I put in your special care; see that he has every comfort and luxury and attention that money can buy. Friends will meet him at the Baton Rouge landing. I trust him to your love and kindness.'

The young man laid his arms about the sick man, kissed him like a son, held him tightly, and wept:

'Oh, how can we let you go,' he said.

'Don't worry about me. See how beautiful everything is. It will be well either way, dear boy. Be faithful in the work; help my little family to bear this blow, and God go with you.'

The great, handsome steamer left the crowded dock, passed all smaller craft, and steamed out into the wide river. She was loaded with freight and crowded with passengers. Her decks were gay with color and alive with ringing, merry voices. Fashion, wealth, beauty and youth, thronged in those days the fine Mississippi boats. Rich planters with their families, people of ease and indolence, faultless dress, careless habits, extravagance and high living, went up and down the river in the early spring and autumn. 'Gentlemen' gambled and drank and made merry in the lower cabin and bar, and negroes and fine horses were bought and sold as pastime or business.

The captain wrapping his invalid passenger carefully, seated him in the most sheltered and retired corner. Mr. Weston sat with closed eyes as the city passed out of sight. Home was left behind, precious wife and children, beloved helpful comrades and people. All dearer than life. The angel of the Lord stood close beside him, a smile crept over his face, and he said softly:

'Lo, I am with thee alway. Fear not, I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee; the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.'

* * * * * *

'Captain, can you tell me anything about the sick gentleman over there? Where did he get on?'

'Nothing particular, only he's put in my care, bound for Baton Rouge; got on at St. Louis, off Illinois river boat. Young man was all broke up to leave him, cried like a boy, and kissed him, as his own son. Consumption plain enough, but he's ready, if anybody ever was! A feller couldn't cuss or swear, with that face on deck.'

Beautiful women sat beside him, groups of children gathered about his chair, lovely, merry girls brought cushions and sat near him, and told him about their gay homes in New Orleans, their people and their customs.

In the clear, gray eyes, almost transparent face, and beautiful smile, they seemed to find a new something in life beyond them, but which possessed their hearts like a strong, full, sweet song, satisfying and wonderful; a courage and strength which was not of the frail body or of the world. He laughed and told them odd stories of western life and a new country, of their songs and colleges and schools. One evening as the twilight fell he asked the beautiful singer of a famous opera troupe to sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' for him. The deck was crowded, and the sweet voice dropped its refrain like the music of a thousand precious homes. Mr. Weston's face was luminous. In the silence and the night he said, 'Can these dear young people sing for me, I wonder, "Jerusalem, the Golden"? You know that's our—other home.' Many knew it, and sang it as they had never sung it before.

They brought him flowers and books, fruits and luxuries, while in a low voice he told them about his church, his home and his little children.

'Can you, Mr. Weston, truly "rejoice," through this great trial, illness, and separation from all you most love, from your life plans?'

'I can and do "rejoice in the Lord alway," even though he slay me. It is not my plan; it was dark in the valley; but God was there; if I made a mistake and wasted my strength, it was ignorantly done, and Jesus knows it all. But,' he added to the handsome woman who was eager to learn the secret of his joy; 'but, see God's wonderful goodness to me now. What am I, to be so cared for? A poor, plain man, sick and alone, waited upon tenderly by the gay and wealthy, and beautiful and young? See, how the Lord journeys with me. Can I doubt his love? I may never see your faces again in this world, but I want to meet you over there. I bless you for your love to me, a stranger, and shall pray for you. Oh, consecrate your whole lives to the Master, and his great work to the poor and sorrowful and sinful.'

The greatness and the simplicity of the religion of Christ was told in few words and in great weakness, but to the listening throng was the strongest, sweetest story of love they had ever heard. This plain, modest, humble, loving servant of God was grand in his clear, broad vision of life.

'Look here, captain,' said Judge Bradley, 'I hear the sick man leaves to-night. Been quite a drawing card on this trip; holds a reception most of the time; Tom says he's been praying for us poor sinners downstairs, hey.'

'Well, judge, you ought to be saved then! The Lord knows he's one of the "elect" my old mother used to toll about; I'd like to carry him all the year up and down this river! There'd be a change, and the Mississippi River needs one.'

'Has he money? Cloth rather shiny; minister, did you say? Don't look severe enough for a preacher.'

'Yes, judge, a preacher, without money, clothes, home, family or church, for he's dying away off here, alone; but, judge, I'd give a thousand lives like yours and mine to be as happy and joyous as he is now. Going South to get well? Never. Going South—to die.'

It was the last day before the landing at Baton Rouge; Mr. Weston sat waiting the call. Everything had been made easy for him, and his simple luggage was ready.

Judge Bradley stood apart for some time watching the people say good-bye to the sick man. At last he stood by his chair and said earnestly:

'Mr. Weston, I've never given much money to churches or ministers; have never prayed or cared to; I want you to use this cheque for yourself and your family; try to get well; buy everything you need; and if I could pray, I'd ask God to spare you one hundred years to work for him! The world needs such; I am a better man for seeing you; good-by, sir.'

'The Lord loves you Judge Bradley. "I was sick and ye visited me," and for the least of his children he will reward you. Thank you, Oh, thank you, my good friend. Serve the dear Lord, and let us meet again in heaven if not here.' Such was the response.

The captain and Judge Bradley carried Mr. Weston to the waiting carriage; his gray eyes were wet with tears as he shook hands at parting. The great steamer puffed and whistled, and tugged at her ropes, and was gone on her way down the river toward the sea.

'I say captain, that's what I call religion—old time religion! I'm going to try for it, too! Dying away from home, alone, poor and lonely, giving up his life's work, and can smile like that. I call that religion.'

'Judge, they are calling you.'

'I don't care to go down just now.'

MARGARET SPENCER DELANO.

The Father's Hand.

(By Isabella F. Mayo.)

I'm only an old wife now, sir, and I've time
to sit on the strand,
A-watching the boats come in, sir, and the
children at play on the sand.
Seventy years, sir—all my days—I have lived
beside the sea,
And it has been meat and money and joy
and sorrow to me.

Father and husband and boys, sir, there was
not a man of them all
Could have lain still in the house, sir, when
the winds and the waters call.
My father and husband sleep in the graves
of our folks by the shore;
But both of the boys who left me, they never
came back any more!

Oft I've been ready to sink, sir, but one
thought would keep me afloat;
I learned it, sir, as a little lass, at play in my
father's boat.
Do you know, sir, it's often struck me the
lesson of life is writ
Plain out in the world around us, if we'd but
give our minds to it?

My father hadn't a lad, sir, so he paid the
more heed to me;
He would take me with him in summer far
out on the open sea,
And he'd let me handle the oar, sir, and pull
with my might and main;
But if I'd been left to myself, sir, I'd never
have seen home again.

'Pull, little maid!' he would cheer me, but
still kept his hand on the oar,
Though sometimes I'd try to turn us to some
pretty nook on the shore;
Still straight went the boat to the harbor, and
as I grew stronger each day,
I found that the only wisdom was in rowing
my father's way.

And I think, sir, that God, our Father, keeps
hold of the world just so;
We may strive and struggle our utmost, that
we may stronger grow—
Stronger and wiser, and humbler—till at
last we can understand
The beauty and peace of his keeping the oar
through all life in his hand.

For our Father knows what we really want
is labor and rest with him;
So he bears us straight through joy and loss,
over discontent and whim;
Though oft it's not till we sit like me, a-
watching life's sinking sun,
We feel that our best is our latest prayer,
and that is 'Thy will be done!'

—'Sunday at Home.'

The Little Librarian.

There had been a great stir for weeks in a quiet village near Utica, in the State of New York, preceding the arrival of a physician and his family, who had decided to leave their old home in Providence, R.I., and migrate to this 'far western wilderness,' as western New York was termed in that year of our Lord, 1830.

The village was a small one in the midst of a rich and prosperous farming community. Its inhabitants were all from New England, most of them having settled there within two decades. There were a few lawyers, a judge, several merchants, two pastors, two school teachers, a number of mill owners and their employees, but, until the coming of Dr. Stevens, no physician had as yet taken up his residence among them. Naturally enough there had been great rejoicing among the neighbors, for a year since Dr. Stevens's visit, and his purchase of a large farm near the town, of three acres in the town itself, and the building of a substantial home, which at this time, in the autumn of 1830, was about finished.

In those days neighbors were neighbors in most thorough fashion. Indeed the entire community seemed interested during the month of September in doing all possible toward the coming of the new doctor who had, even during his short visit, quite won his way into their hearts. When the lumbering stage-coach from Utica arrived on a certain mild afternoon in September, it did not stop first at the door of the village tavern, but at the homes of the judge, and one of the mill owners, who with their wives and daughters received the doctor, Mrs. Stevens and the three children, as if they were old friends, and brought them into their comfortable homes. A few days thereafter when the loads of furniture and household goods, which had been slowly transported from their distant eastern home, appeared, a company of chcerful, ready helpers, set to work to unpack the goods, to tack down the carpets, put up the curtains, get the china into the closets, and make the house ready for the newly-welcomed family.

The handsome mahogany, the Chippendale sideboard and chairs, the beautiful silver candlesticks, the delicate china, did not interest or surprise them as much as the numerous boxes of books. Some of the neighbors declared they did not believe there were so many in a circuit of five miles as among the doctor's effects.

The doctor himself, kept busy for many hours sorting out the books, setting off those on medical subjects for the shelves in his office, which was in a wing of the house, and classifying the scientific, literary and classical works as they had been arranged in his old home.

Few doctors who had not yet reached the age of fifty had so large or so well selected a library as Dr. Stevens. While his practice soon extended in all directions, and he was frequently summoned by physicians at a distance for consultation, yet in a healthy community where simple habits prevailed, he had considerable leisure time. This he used for the furtherance of education among his neighbors. Himself a graduate from Brown University, and having as his friends a circle of well-educated people, he appreciated the advantages which he had enjoyed, and determined to do all possible to inspire a love of study and reading in the new community which was now his home. What one man or one family can do to accomplish this is surprising.

Dr. Stevens's oldest daughter, Catherine, had just passed her fourteenth birthday. She was a bright scholar, a great reader, a good talker. It had been her habit for several years to drive with her father quite often as he made his visits to his patients, and occasionally on a Saturday to go some distance with him. On those drives her father had taken pains to talk over with her Scott's stories, Shakespeare's plays and to recite poems to her, telling her the story in them previous to the recital. Now, Dr. Stevens proposed that Katy should become a little librarian. 'I will put up another large set of shelves in my office,' he said, 'we will cover neatly two or three hundred volumes which are now in the parlor, then number them, and lend them to the people here. If you will spare two hours on Saturday to keep the names of those who take the books, and help me in this, I think we will undertake it.'

Katy was delighted to comply with her father's request, and set to work at once. In a little time the larger part of the doctor's books had been transformed into a circulating library. It was greatly appreciated by all, both old and young, as there were books which interested both classes. Young boys who cared little for reading, and who could not gratify their taste for it, had they cared, who were in the habit of lounging away their time at various gathering-places in the village, eagerly embraced this new opportunity.

The boys and girls during that first winter began to love books as they had never loved them before.

In some homes the young folks from two or three families would gather once or twice a week while one of the number would read aloud as the boys whittled and ate apples, and the girls ran in the wicking for the candles to be made on the morrow, or embroidered their pretty collars, or stitched the bosoms of their fathers' shirts, or pieced blocks for new comforters or bed-quilts.

Katy was quite in her element as she discoursed to one and another on Sunday mornings the merits of this and that book, advised different ones as to what she thought they would enjoy, and rehearsed to them much she had learned during her pleasant drives with her father.

What Katy Stevens said on various subjects was often quoted by one and other among the boys and girls, and her literary opinion was unquestioned. Many a young mother would leave her varied work at home, the trying out of lard, the putting down of pork and beef, the carding of wool, the making of candles, the churning or the sewing, and, slipping on her warm hood, and hand-knitted moccasins—for this was before the days of rubbers and arctics—would run over to the doctor's office for some good book which the little librarian would recommend.

The monotony of the long winter evenings was broken also by frequent talks or informal lectures, readings in the school-house by one of the pastors, the doctor, the judge, or the principal of the village school. Before the days of photography or illustrated magazines, an evening passed in listening to the life of Scott, his boyhood, the fame which came to him from his first novels, his purchase of a farm on the Tweed, the successive additions to it until it became a great domain, his delight in the baronetcy conferred on him in 1820, the joy he had in building that beautiful gothic, castellated mansion, which he named Abbotsford, the stately life he lived there for many years, the beautiful gifts he received from Napoleon and other noted persons, the armory and library which he fitted up so well; all this was of great interest, and enhanced the pleasure in reading his matchless historical novels, his romances and poems. The audiences listened sympathetically as the doctor related Sir Walter's reverses, which came to him when he was past fifty years old, in consequence of the failures of his publishers and printers, Scott having made advances from and endorsements for the former, and having had a secret partnership with the latter, so that he became burdened with a debt of £150,000.

The stories which were appearing from the pen of J. Fenimore Cooper, particularly those relating to the Indians, were also of great interest, for in the near vicinity were remnants of the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Mohawks and other tribes, and the villagers were familiar with them. These talks were varied by those on noted scientists, inventors, and artists, thus making the people intelligent on all these subjects. The skilful and beloved doctor and his family thus became a remarkable intellectual power in the community, exerting an influence which is felt to this day.

Fifty years after the time of which we write, in 1880, a daughter of Katy, the little librarian, made a visit to the old home of her parents and grandparents. It was in the summer time. She stopped at the village inn and dined, then went out to call on two or three of those still living there who were friends of her mother's in her younger days. It needed only an introduction, and the mention of the fact that she who then presented herself was a granddaughter of the dear old doctor, whose name was a household word in that part of the country, and a daughter of Katy Stevens, the little librarian, to open the hearts and homes of the people to her. In ten minutes her belongings were brought from the inn to one of the most hospitable of homes, and she found herself the centre of a cordial, interested company of old friends of her father's and mother's. Before the sun had set over the beautiful wooded hills the arrival of Katy Stevens's daughter had been quietly heralded through the village, a fact which soon brought elderly men and women to see her. Several of these gentlemen were merchants or lawyers in western or southern cities and had returned to spend a few weeks in the home of their childhood. One and another told the visitor how the help from the doctor's library, and his and other talks in the school-house, and advice about books which her mother had given them as boys had first inspired them to bestir themselves and get an education to fit them for good work in the world.

One of these gentlemen, who had made a large fortune, had presented to several towns beautiful library buildings and filled them with large and fine libraries, remembering as he did, and as he often quoted, his own experience of what a moderate but well-selected library and an intelligent little librarian had done for him.—'The Standard.'

True Giving.

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty!
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms.

. . . . . .

Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.
—James Russell Lowell.

Her Day's Message.

(By Rhodes Campbell.)

Alica Wyndham rested in her invalid chair by the broad window that Sunday morning with a heart out of tune with the peace and beauty of the day. She who had been the active member of the household, the minister's 'right hand,' the strong, the capable, sat here a useless invalid. The doctor had said, 'she might be about in a year,' but even if she was, Alica knew it would not be as of old; and then a year, which had heretofore seemed to fly past her on wings, so full were the days, now seemed endless tied to a bed. The most painful thought to Alica was the fact of her rebellion against it all; she who had fancied herself an earnest Christian, an obedient child of God. The church bells rang out clearly, but to Alica they only brought to mind her enjoyment of her large Sunday-school class of young girls, and of all they meant to accomplish in fetes and musicales, the proceeds of which were to refurnish the scant library and reading room belonging to the church.

Unable to bear her thoughts, Alica snatched up the paper nearest at hand. Her eye fell on the legend for Sunday: 'When God finds a man who wants to do good, he fills his pathway with opportunities.'

It seemed to the restless nature a cruel taunt, and dash of cold water. She longed to do good, and what opportunities had she now? And then Miss Wyndham's pale face flushed as a sudden remembrance came to her. She grew quieter as she thought; her life had hitherto been too crowded for much thought. Her mother came from church to her side with her anxious face.

'I's so afraid you've had a sad morning,' she said; but her daughter smiled, actually smiled, for the first time since her illness.

'No, I've had a nice time, though it hasn't been exactly consoling,' she said, enigmatically. 'Mother,' she added suddenly, 'I've just been thinking of that sewing you've never had time to finish. I could do it.'

Her mother's face brightened, then fell. 'But you don't like to sew, Alica, and it would tire you,' she said.

'Not a bit of it, and I can do a little at a time when I'm propped up with pillows. I shall begin it to-morrow; all those buttonholes and lace to put on will be dainty work.'

The door opened, and a lank, awkward boy entered. It was Ephraim, the 'chore boy.'

'Ephraim,' Alica said brightly, 'I hear you're having a hard time over your arithmetic. I had a splendid teacher who helped me so much! I am sure I can show you how to conquer those dreadful problems.'

Oh, the lighting of the boy's face! It brought a quick flush of shame to Alica's. All these months she had hardly noticed him!

The day was drawing to a close, when Aunt Mehitabel came in with her hard face and keen eyes.

'Well, I suppose you're fretting yourself to death, Alica,' she said, by way of greeting.

'I don't wonder you think so,' Alica replied, with some effort, 'after the way I've been taking this hard lesson. But I'm going to try and not be such a grum old thing, and I want you, auntie, to help me. I've thought of so many things we could do together,' she went on eagerly; 'just listen.'

And as Aunt Mehitabel listened the hard mouth relaxed, her eyes softened. 'Why, Alica, how you do plan things!'she said. 'I'd begun to think I wasn't a mite of use any more; but I believe I could help you.'

And as Alica closed her eyes for the long night she declared that her day's text was God's message to her, a part of his mighty wisdom. He had given her opportunities all the time, only she had never seen them, or, seeing, had despised them.—'Wellspring.'

India's Bonds.

(The Holy Man of India, by the Rev. Norman H. Russell, in 'Presbyterian Record.')

The religious leader of the masses in India is the Sanyasi or holy man, the religious mendicant of India. Clad in a dusty yellow garment, often naked, but for a loincloth, smeared from head to foot with ashes; with long matted hair, and bleared eyes, for he is a slave to ganja, bhang, and opium, he wanders about the villages, living on the credulity of his superstitious followers.

It cannot be denied that there have occasionally been found redeeming characters among the Sadhus of India, but the ordinary holy man of the villages is cunning, deceitful, impudent and dishonest.

Worse than this may often be charged

against them. The Maharajas, a sect of religious votaries who inculcate the worship of Krishna, were proved in the courts of Bombay to be guilty of the most licentious practices.

Whence then this awful paradox between the name and the character of these holy men? And in the use of this name we get a little light on the difference in meaning of such words as sin, holiness, and salvation, as used in Hindu and English.

In Hinduism, morality is divorced from religion. These men are holy in spite of their character because they are ascetics and practice austerities. One will lie upon a bed of upturned nails, another will hold his hand in the air till it becomes withered and the nails have grown long and curled about the wrist. I have seen one of these men with hundreds of pounds of iron fastened to his body, not able to move but carried about in a strong bed. Others will wear a cage about their necks, or sit and burn in the midst of five fires. Swinging on hooks, piercing the tongue and flesh with knives, are other austerities. And the people really believe such men to be holy, the very incarnations of God. I have seen one of them come into Mhow and the people erect over him a bower of leaves and flowers, and surround him at night with hundreds of little lamps and then bow before him in worship.

The degrading and superstitious reverence paid to these men could not be better illustrated than by the following list of expenses contracted by wealthy Bombay merchants in connection with the visit of one of these 'holy men,' (The rupee is about one-third of a dollar.)

For homage by sight	Rupees 6
For homage by touch	Rs 20
For the honor of washing the holy man's feet	Rs 35
For the glory of rubbing sweet ungents on his body	Rs 42
For the bliss of occupying the same room	Rs 50 to 500
For the delight of eating pan supari thrown away by the holy man	Rs 17
For drinking the water in which he has bathed or in which his foul linen has been washed ..	Rs 19

To such depths has the idea of reverence been degraded under the leadership of India's holy men.

The Last Dollar.

(By Henry J. Vernon.)

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

'It is our last dollar,' he said. 'But the Lord will provide.'

The Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville. He was poor, and his congregation was poor. Often before he had been very near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until to-day.

'So you've been always saying,' sobbed his wife; 'but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store; and your salary won't be due these three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here James, when the people are so poor?'

'I have no other place to go to; nor money to travel to it, if the Lord opened a way. My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens; He will surely feed us.'

'I wish I had your faith, but I haven't; and it won't come to me. Oh! what shall we do, what shall we do!' And she wrung her hands despairingly. 'My poor children!'

'"Once I was young and now I am old,"' solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, '"yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread."'

As if in answer to this pious ejaculation there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door, a traveller, quite wet through, entered.

'I was coming through the forest from Maryland,' he said, 'and venture to stop at the first house I see. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?'

'Not at all,' answered the master of the house. 'We have but a poor shelter, as you see; but such as it is, you are welcome to it; there is a good fire, at any rate.' For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble home boasted no parlor, and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing-room, living-room, and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education, and intelligence, and in conversation with him, the minister forgot his trouble,

and was reminded of earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now, up among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger rose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

'See here, James,' cried his wife, eagerly, when he returned to the house, 'I found this on the table, near where the gentleman sat.'

It was a fifty-dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which, it was now apparent, the traveller had overheard.

'I thought he was writing the direction he asked for,' said the minister. 'He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, he would provide.'

His wife burst into tears.

'God forgive me!' she said, 'I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid.'

'And he will still provide,' replied her husband. 'Whatever my lot be, here or elsewhere, in him I trust.'

A month afterward, a letter, a rare event, came to the Rev. James Spring. It was as follows:

'Rev. and Dear Sir,—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars, and a good parsonage house.' The letter concluded by saying: 'The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm a few weeks ago. He overheard you in a moment of great distress, speak with such full faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made.'

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and, often, when people show want of faith, tells the story of his last dollar.—'Peterson's Magazine.'

A Sunday-School Teacher's Prayer.

(By Miss Amelia Hoyt.)

Help me to feed thy lambs, O Lord,
According to thy will;
To lead them into pastures green
And to the waters still;

To pleasant pastures of thy word,
Where 'fruits celestial grow';
To soul-refreshing streams of truth
Which thence forever flow.

Oh, help me to instruct, impress,
And, best of all, inspire;
And from my own heart light in theirs
A pure and living fire.

By love's sweet sorcery I fain
Would win their hearts to me,
Only that I might draw them so
More closely, Lord, to thee.

Oh, let the life of each, I pray,
In richer current flow,
From deepening love for thy dear word,
And broader, brighter, grow.

Ah, vain as vanity itself,
My every effort, Lord,
Save as in condescending love,
Thou dost thine aid afford.

Breathe, then, into their hearts and mine
Thy Spirit from above;
Make me for them thine implement,
O Thou whose name is Love.

—'American Messenger.'

Correspondence

Next week we hope to announce the name of the prize winner in the Temperance Story Competition.

We have received quite a number of letters this week, the following names are some of those for whose kind letters we had not room this week: Bertie, Seagrave, Ont.; Ethel, Stanton; Ida Rose, Parishville, N.Y.; Lillie, Boisseavain; Aleatha, Greensville; Ainslie, Upper Middleboro, N.S.; Mary, Black Land, N.B.; Hill, Bloomfield; Bertha, Plum Hollow, Ont.; May, Seeburn, Man.

Georgetown.

Dear Editor,—Georgetown is a very pretty place, and I live in a cottage in the highest part. We can see the ships from our upstairs windows coming in from sea. I am ten years old, and go to school regularly. I have a pet baby sister and two brothers and two other sisters, all younger than me. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We get it in the Sunday-school, of which my father is superintendent. My father takes the 'Witness,' and I like it, too, and read it. Your sincere friend,

MABEL.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger,' is a very nice paper for reading, and it is much nicer since the letters were put in. I am fourteen years of age.

I live in the North-West, and it is pretty cold in winter, but the spring has come and the birds are singing so nicely that it is better now.

There is no Sunday-school, and only church here once a month, so I don't get to church very often. I like riding horseback and I often go after the cows. Your faithful reader,

PERL.

Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very nice place on the bank of a small river. In the spring and fall it overflows its banks. This makes it difficult for people to cross over. I have a dog and a cat, but I don't play much with them. We live on a farm, and have four horses, also cattle, pigs, sheep, hens and ducks. I like reading, but have read all the books I have. Your fourteen year old reader,

BETRICA.

Chateauguay.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for about ten years. I like it very much. I always read the little folks' page first, and then the correspondence.

JENNIE.

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—One day my father and I went fishing. We got up early in the morning and dug up a lot of worms, and went down to the bay; but we only got one bite all day. I found a little fish about one inch long, which my father caught in his hand, and that was all the fish we had to bring home. We have not been fishing since. I am learning to play the violin and can play a lot of pieces now.

I am nine years old.

ROY.

Maxville.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. Just before Easter our school gave an entertainment. We had readings, recitations, dialogues and singing, had a fine time and made $4.45, part of which we are sending to the Children's Hospital, and part for something else. I have not been to school since Easter. One day I was making taffy, and some fell on my foot, and you can tell all the boys and girls that taffy on snow is much nicer than taffy on foot. I am better now, and can soon wear my shoe. I read all the little letters in the 'Messenger,' and like getting letters better than anything. Yours truly,

ARNOLD.

New Canaan.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer, and has two horses. I have a pair of steers, and papa made me a yoke to work them in. I have a very good dog, his name is Captain.

I remain yours,

STANLEY.

Aged ten years.

Little Britain, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother has a goat. He is going to get a goat harness and cart, if he keeps from talking during school-hours till the twenty-fourth of May. My grandpa has taken the Montreal 'Witness' over fifty years. My papa has been in the printing office where they print the Montreal 'Witness,' Mr. John Dougall's photograph hangs on the wall of our sitting-room.

FLORENCE.

Rosebery, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—When we were at the harvest one day, there was a dear little rabbit in the field. I caught him and intended to keep him for a pet, but its poor little heart was throbbing for its mamma, so, as he was so young, I took compassion on him and let him go.

I am very fond of singing, and the song I like best is 'It's nice to be young.' If any little boy or girl would like to have the words, I would be glad to send them. I love to read the page for little folks.

WILLIE H.

Aged seven.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the Royal City, it is a very pretty place, and we have street cars, several beautiful parks, and miles of fine stone pavements. We live near the Ontario Agricultural College, and in the month of June large excursions from different parts of the country visit it. I have three brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother owns a canoe, and takes me out in it sometimes. I have a dog named Jet, and he is a fine swimmer. I go to the central school, and we boys sometimes call it the 'central prison,' for fun. Yours truly,

FRED.

Age fourteen.

Dear Editor,—I am a farmer's daughter, and live on a farm in British Columbia, near the Pacific Ocean; and I can see Vancouver Island and other islands in the Gulf. My mother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about ten years, and I think it is a very nice paper, and the part I like best is the temperance page. For a pet I have a canary. He is a very nice little bird, and is quite a good singer. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books this winter. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Pansy. Sincerely yours,

HOPE.

Stanton,

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' as long as I can remember. We had a week of holidays at Easter, and pa let me go to town, and I had a good time. I go to school every day and am in the third book. We live on a farm, and I have lots of fun. There are six in the family, and I am the youngest. We have a pet cat, her name is Tabby. I remain one of your readers,

ELMA.

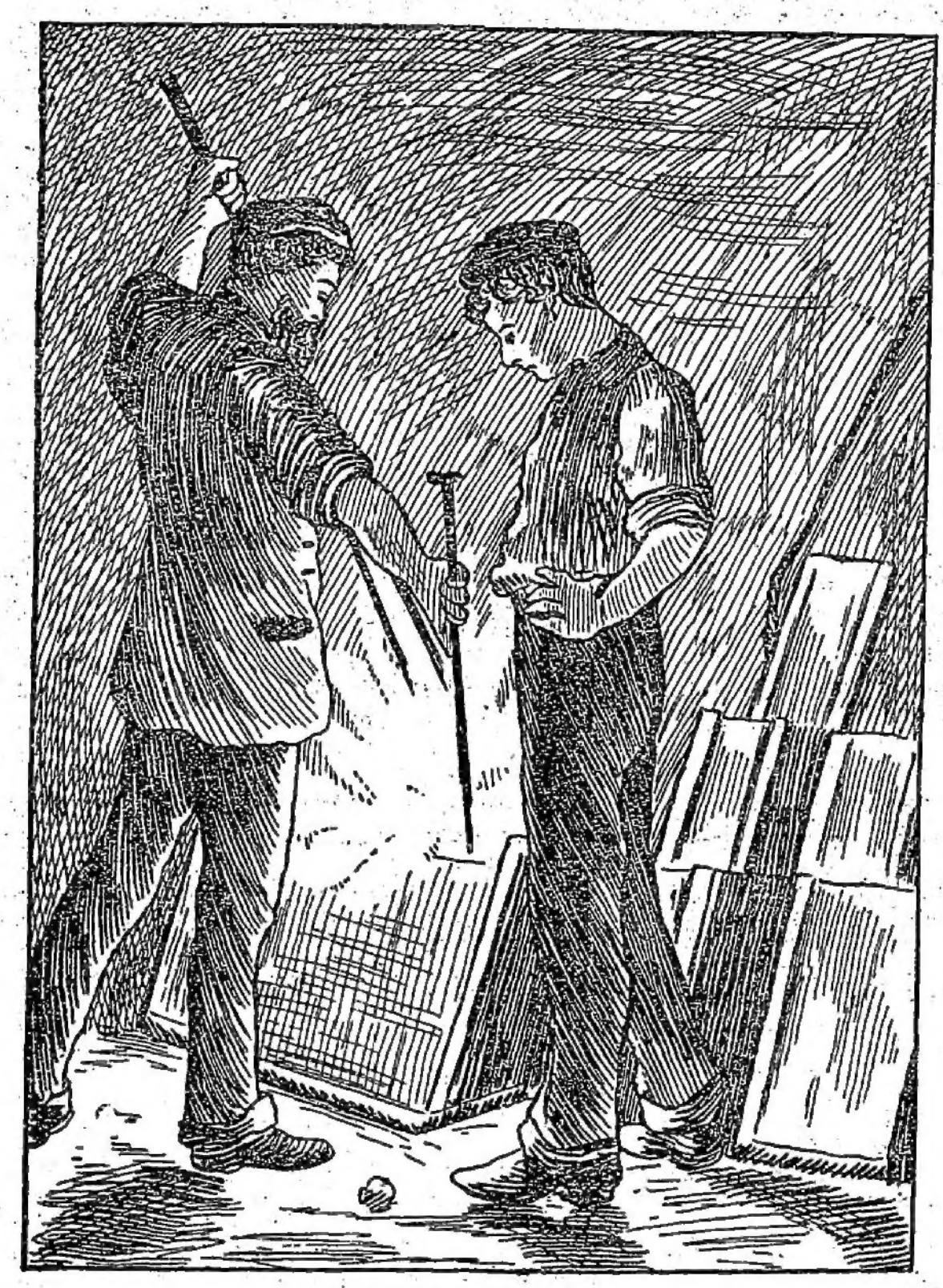
Brass Making.

It is very interesting to look around on our homes and see what a large part brass takes in making them not merely comfortable, but pretty. Drawing-room, kitchen, hall, and bedroom generally contain some articles wholly or partly made of brass. There are the picture nails, the stair-rods, the finger-plates, the candlesticks, the bedstead, the fire-irons and fender, the plate bearing the word 'Letters' on our doors, and fifty other things which we all see every day.

Brass is mentioned in the early Bible records, and appears to have been known generally to the ancients, though perhaps not in the form of a compound of copper and zinc which it takes now, as zinc does not appear to have been known in Europe as a separate metal till the 16th century.

Birmingham is the headquarters of the English brass trade; and our pictures give us a little insight into this industry.

Brass is, as a rule, easily fusible and very malleable. Crucibles and reverberatory or cupola furnaces are generally used, and, the copper being melted, the zinc is added in a hot state. Our second illustration shows us the earliest stage, 'strip casting,' when the molten metal is poured into moulds, the principal caster being muffled, to prevent his breathing the unwholesome fumes.



BRASS-MAKING: STRIP CASTING.

When made into 'strips,' or bars, as they may be called, the brass is ready for further processes; and to form the thin plates used for most decorative work, the strips are placed in a series of mills or rollers, and rolled until it attains the required thickness—for ordinary purposes little thicker than note paper.

Monumental brasses have been used from very early times, but in England there are no existing traces of them previous to the middle of the 13th century. For ornamental brasses and finger-plates the brass must have some substance, for the embosser has to raise a pattern upon it. This is done by fixing the plate on to a backing of pitch, into which the ductile metal is forced by a hammer. The worker thus makes a sunken pattern, and when the pitch is melted off the reverse side, the pattern stands out in relief.

Brass is harder than copper, and so will stand more wear, and as it also resists atmospheric changes better, and is cheaper, it takes rank among metals after iron and steel. —'Our Darlings.'

Who Knows Them.

There were once two little sisters who lived in the same house. One little girl had pleasant things happening to her every day; but the other little girl was always in discomfort about something.

'Dearies,' said mother, 'it is too stormy to-day for you to go out.'

'Oh, then we can use our new tea-set!' cried the first little girl. 'You promised we could the first rainy day. How nice!'

'There, now!' exclaimed the second little girl, 'that's always the way. I particularly wanted to go out to-day. Now I can't. How provoking!'

It did seem queer, didn't it?

By-and-by, after a fit of sulks, the second little girl consented to play at having a tea-party. They ran to fetch their tea-table.

'But you broke the tea-table last week,' mother reminded them. 'I sent it to be mended. I'll put this board across two stools for you. That will make a good big table.'

'I don't think that's nice at all, mother,' complained the second little girl. 'It hasn't any leaves Whenever I want to play at having a tea-party I can't find the right things. It seems as if it happened on purpose.'

'But, see, it's a prettier shape,' said the first little girl. 'It's a square one. There is plenty of room for all our new tea-things, and room for every doll. Isn't that fortunate?'

So they played at having a tea-

party a while, and presently mother called:

'Come, children, the rain has stopped, and we can go for a little walk before supper. Get your boots and thick cloaks.'

'Oh, good!' shouted the first little girl. 'Then we can have fun! We need not mind the puddles, for our thick cloaks are our old ones; so it won't matter if they do get spattered.'

'I think it horrid!' answered the second little girl. 'The thick cloaks are too hot, and I just hate to wear heavy boots. But then I always have to do the things I hate, and I s'pose I always shall.'

It is a very strange thing, but it does seem so. I wonder if it will happen to her in the same way all her life?—'Children's Friend.'

Do You Think He Will Love Me?

An English paper tells of a native woman in India who came to the home of the missionary with bare feet and looking very weary, yet showing by her countenance that there was some matter about which she was most anxious. When asked what she wanted, she drew a piece of crumpled paper from the dress, which proved to be a bit of a torn tract, and as she held it out to the missionaries she said, 'These are good words. They say that your God is love. Do you think he will love me?' Then she asked for another paper that would tell her more about him who was love.

This was a stange idea to a woman of India. She had been taught from her earliest childhood that all the gods were full of hate. Every story she had ever heard about any of the numberless gods her parents and kindred had worshipped, was concerning their wars or the bloody sacrifices they demanded. Indeed, the word love had never been mentioned to her in connection with any divine being. Can you wonder that it was a surprise to her to hear of a God who cared for his creatures, and whose very name was Love? I think that if we had been trained as she had been, and suffered what she had suffered, and one had come to us and told us of a loving father in heaven, we should have been willing to go far and through the hot sun to ask something more about this gracious Being. Shall we not send the women and children of India this blessed message that God does love them?—'Mission Dayspring.'

Tom's Sermon.

Last July Tom Davis and his mother went to the seashore to stay three weeks. It was a quiet little place, and Tom was the only boy there; but he never got tired of shovelling sand and gathering shells and sailing his boat, while his mother sat on the beach.

One day Tom said:

'Mother, can't I go round the bend for a while? The wind upsets my boat here. I shan't go in the water far.'

'Yes,' said his mother; 'but don't go any further away.'

A while afterward, Sam, the big fisherboy, saw Tom and said:

'Jump into my boat, Tom, and I'll give you a sail.'

'Can't,' Tom said; 'mother said for me not to go away.'

'Your mother need not know anything about it,' said Sam. 'Come on, quick.'

'Ho!' said our little Tommy. 'I guess you don't remember things very well. Don't you know that verse, "Children, obey your parents?"'

Sam says he thinks that was a good sermon.

I think so, too.—'Bright Jewels.'

When I Get Better.

'Poor Rosa is very ill,' said my sister, coming in from a visit to one of her Sunday-school class, 'and I am almost discouraged about her.'

Rosa Hunter was a bright-faced, bonny looking girl of fifteen, who had been some years in her class. Attentive, regular, cheerful, the girl had won her teacher's heart, so that if there was one better loved than the other it was she. And often the hope sprang up that she really loved Christ.

And now Rosa was ill. Day and night she was tossing on a bed of pain, and the doctor looked grave and her mother's face grew troubled, for her bright, loving child was in danger.

When my sister went to see her she was heartily welcomed. 'Oh, teacher, it is so good of you to come;' and her face beamed with gladness.

'I am sorry to find you so ill, dear,' she said, 'but I hope you feel Christ with you in all your pain.'

'I don't know, teacher,' she answered, shaking her head.

'But is Christ your Saviour? You are trusting him, surely.'

'No, I think not. But, teacher, I will serve him when I get better.'

'But, Rosa, you may never get better.'

'Oh, teacher, but you know I cannot think. My head swims so, I cannot now.'

'But, Rosa, if you should die without Christ, what will you do?'

'I hope not, teacher, but you know I cannot think, my head aches so; I will when I get better, indeed I will, teacher.'

She knelt down and prayed at the bedside, prayed for that young life to be spared, for that dear soul to be saved, and then when she rose said, 'Rosa, dear, try to trust in the Lord Jesus now, don't wait.'

There was only a look of love came over the pale face as she said, 'Good-bye, teacher.'

That night Rosa Hunter died. So near the kingdom, did she enter it?

'To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' It is ill work putting off to a dying bed the salvation of our souls.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Self-Surrender.

(James Strang in 'Sunday Magazine.)

As the poet takes his thought,
Shapes it to harmonius song;
Take my life, Lord, let it be
Joyous, tender, true and strong.

As the master builder trims
Roughest stone until it be
Wrought to purpose, O my Lord
Work thy mighty will in me.

As the potter takes the clay,
Moulds it into gracious form,
Shape my being till it be
Perfect made, through calm and storm.

As the sculptor by his power
Gives the passive marble grace,
Take me, Lord, and let thy love
Change my heart and light my face.

As the great musician strikes
Chords that echo true and grand,
Tune thou me until my soul
Thrills in answer to thy hand.

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XI.—DISTILLED LIQUORS.

1. How are these distilled liquors taken?

They are commonly mixed with water and sometimes sweetened.

2. Are they ever given to children?

Yes, often with the sugar in the bottom of the glass.

3. What comes from this practice?

First the children like the sweet taste, and then they like the strong drinks which often make them drunkards.

4. What lesson should we learn from this?

Never to take bad things because they are made to taste good.

5. What is the best way to be careful?

To take no kind of drink that contains alcohol.

6. What fancy names do they have for these mixed drinks?

Punch, bitters, toddy, flip, eggnog, and many others.

7. In what other way does alcohol come on the table?

In puddings, sauces, mince pies, and other fancy dishes.

8. What danger is there in candies?

Brandy drops and rock-and-rye contain alcohol with syrup.

9. What is best to do about them?

Never take them lest we learn to like the alcohol.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.

LESSON XI.—THE BLOOD.

1. What have you learned about the repair of the body's waste?

That it is repaired by the material contained in the food, which is greatly changed by the juices of the stomach and other organs until its useful part is finally poured into the blood.

2. And what becomes of it when it reaches the blood?

It is carried to all parts of the body and made into bone, or hair, or nerve or skin as may be needed.

3. What, then, may we call the blood?

We may call it the river of life, carrying needed material through the body.

4. Of what is the blood composed?

Of a sticky, white fluid, in which little red bodies are swimming—like tiny fishes in a brook.

5. What are these little red bodies called?

They are called corpuscles; a word which means 'little bodies.'

6. Are there many of them?

Yes, there are millions of them, so close together that we cannot see the white fluid between them; so we think the blood is all red.

7. What is the shape of the corpuscles?

They are round and flat, like a penny in shape; but they are so very small that the point of a pin would hold about 50,000 of them.

8. What is the use of these little bodies?

They are tiny air-boats, carrying the fresh, life-giving air to all parts of the body.

9. Is the blood always in motion?

Yes, it is never still for a moment, and flows so fast that it makes the complete round of the body in about two minutes.

10. What sends it so fast through the body?

The heart, which is like a wonderful little pump, forcing the blood along.

11. Through what does the blood flow?

Out from the heart through a large pipe, which branches over and over like a tree, till its tiny twigs reach the farthest parts of the body.

12. What then becomes of the blood?

It is gathered up again by another set of little pipes, which unite over and over till they form another large pipe flowing into the heart.

13. What are the pipes called?

Those going out from the heart are called arteries, those coming to the heart are called veins.

14. How are the two sets joined?

By other little pipes, which are called capillaries—a word which means hair-like. But they are a great deal finer than any hair.

15. What is the heart like?

It is like a strawberry in shape, and of the size of the closed fist. It is divided into four little rooms by two partitions, one running up and down and the other across.

16. Are there any openings in these partitions?

There are none in the one running up and down; but in each side of the cross partition there is a little trap-door or valve, so arranged that the blood can flow through from the upper room to the lower but cannot flow back again.

17. How are the arteries and veins connected with the heart?

The veins enter the upper rooms of the heart, and the arteries go out from the two lower rooms.

Hints to Teachers.

If possible, in all the anatomical lessons have a chart of the organs under discussion, or a picture drawn upon the blackboard. The representation of the circulatory system, with the heart, the continually branching arteries, the tiny capillaries and returning veins, will be of great interest to the children, especially in the lesson following this, where we shall teach them to trace the whole course of the blood through the body. The composition of the blood may be illustrated by a bottle filled with small red beads and filled up with water. The children will see that the whole seems red, and they will not notice the presence of the water until their attention is particularly directed to it. The water-works system of our towns and cities will illustrate the forcing of the blood through the arteries and veins, to which the branching water pipes may be compared, the strong pumps at the supply station answering to the busy heart.

A Plea for Good Cooking.

(Genevieve Bemis, in 'Connecticut Citizen.')

Many good thinkers have claimed that a large percent of the topers to-day have been made so by lack of proper nourishment in their homes and boarding-houses. There is far more truth in the statement than is generally supposed.

A physician of large practice in the city of Baltimore says that many of his patients have told him that they were obliged to take something to give them strength for their daily tasks.

A case of this kind came to the knowledge of the writer. A college student was compelled by poverty to work during vacations as a conductor on a cable-car. He must eat breakfast before reporting at the car barn at six a.m. The food served at that meal usually consisted of bacon and liver, or beefsteak fried to death. Perhaps, for variety, an egg would be served up in the same leathery style. This, with a few slices of greasy fried potatoes, bakers' rolls and doughnuts, with coffee, made up the meal. 'A very good bill of fare,' do you say? Let us analyze it.

In the first place, the meat was spoiled by too much cooking, for the goodness had all been sizzled out by the long frying, and a sort of tanning process had taken place. It is a fact now so thoroughly demonstrated that ignorance is inexcusable, that steaks, chops and roasts of all kinds, should be quickly seared over by heat to retain the juices, which are the life of the meat, and then cooked to taste.

Then the fat so hardens the albumen of the eggs, that they are nearly indigestible, as well as less nutritious. The ideal way is to simply drop them from the shell into boiling water, or place them whole in cold water and let them remain until they are sufficiently boiled. The potatoes, baked, boiled, or cut in dice and stewed in cream or milk, are all more healthful than the fat-soaked, burnt, toughened chips, so commonly furnished. As to the rolls and doughnuts—light? Yes, but oh so light! A workingman must needs eat twice the quantity of them to obtain the amount of nourishment real 'home-made' food would contain. Hot bouillon, milk, cocoa or cereal coffee, would furnish drink far more nourishing than coffee.

After working three or four hours the young conductor would feel a peculiar, gnawing sensation in his stomach. This would continue until it gave place to a faintness he could hardly endure. He suffered in this way until he became sure something must be done. Having had good moral training at home he would not visit a saloon as do most of such half-starved men, but he did go to a drug store and purchase a bottle of port wine. A small quantity of this each day when the faintness came on made life a little more endurable until dinner time. It did not give him strength, but dulled the sense of hunger. He told this to a friend, who, seeing his danger, urged him to buy fruit instead of wine. This he did, and found the result satisfactory. In the meantime a better boarding-house was obtained, and thus was prevented the formation of the drink habit which most surely would have followed.

Workingmen need substantial food properly cooked and served. They pay for it. The real trouble of hygienic cooking is no greater than that of 'messing.' Attention to this matter would keep thousands from sickness and multitudes from drink and ruin.

True Giving.

I read once of a man who dreamed that he was sitting in church while the collection was being taken. But as the plate went round, though everyone seemed to put something in, the plate remained nearly empty. And as he watched he seemed to be able to see into the people's hearts, and he saw that if they were not willing to give, or only gave because they thought they must, or because they wanted their neighbors to think well of them, then the money that they put on the plate instantly flew back into their purses or their pockets. What was the meaning of that dream, do you think? The meaning is this, that our Lord Jesus Christ will only take from us what we want to give. We may put ever so many pennies into the plate, but he will not be pleased unless he sees that we give because we love him, and because we really want to help those who are in need. That is true giving, and all other giving is false.—Grace Winter.

LESSON XIII.—May 22.

The Day of Judgment.

Matt. xxv., 31-46. Memory verses, 34-36.

Golden Text.

'He shall reward every man according to his works.'—Matt. xvi., 27.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xxv., 1-13.—The wise and foolish virgins.
T. Matt. xxv., 14-30. — Accounting required for talents given.
W. Matt. xxv., 31-46.—The day of judgment.
T. Rev. xx., 11-21: viii.—'Judged . . according to their works.'
F. Rom. ii., 1-16.—'To every man according to his deeds.'
S. Rom. viii., 1-17. — No condemnation to those in Christ.
S. Rom. viii., 18-39.—The Spirit maketh intercession for us.

Lesson Story.

When the Son of Man, our Saviour, shall come in his glory, attended by all the holy angels, he shall sit upon a glorious throne and judge the world. All nations must appear before him to be judged, and he shall separate the good from the bad as a shepherd separates his sheep from the goats. And he shall set his sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'

Then the righteous shall ask in wonder, 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?'

And then the King shall answer and say unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Then shall the King turn to those on the left, saying, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.'

Then the careless, wicked ones will answer with the same question as did the righteous—'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?'

Then shall the King answer them, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

Lesson Hymn.

A poor wayfaring man of grief,
Has often met me on my way,
He pled so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
But there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spoke,
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all, he blest it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I saw him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it brimming o'er,
I drank and never thirsted more.

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes:
And said unto my trembling heart,
'Since thou hast done a brother's part,
These gifts shall thy memorial be—
Fear not, thou did'st it unto Me!'
—Unknown.

Lesson Hints.

'The Son of Man shall come in his glory'—his first coming was in the deepest humiliation and poverty, his second coming shall be with wondrous glory, attended by all the holy angels, his servants. His first coming was as a servant and Saviour, his second coming will be as King and Judge.

'Separate'—the judging, separating, is for our Lord to do, not for us. As in the parable of the wheat and tares the judgment and separation takes place only on the final day of judgment.

'Shepherd'—John x., 11: Heb. xiii., 20.

'Sheep'—Isa. xl., 11; liii., 6: I. Pet. ii., 25.

'Goats'—It is said that in Hebrew the word for 'goat' is the same as that for 'demon.' A goat is a very disagreeable animal.

'Inherit the kingdom'—we are to be joint-heirs with Christ, (Rom. viii., 17).

'Prepared for you'—Heb. xi., 16: Rev. xxi., 1, 2.

'Ye gave me'—'He that does these things has the Spirit and follows the example of Christ, for we were hungry and he gives us to eat (John vi., 32-35), thirsty, and he gives us to drink (John iv., 14; vi., 55, 56), strangers from the promise and he receives us to himself (Eph. ii., 18, 19.), naked and he clothes us (Rom. xiii., 14: II. Cor. v., 3: Gal. iii., 27: Rev. iii., 18), sick and he visits us with redeeming love (Psa. cxlvii., 3: Jer. iii., 22: Hos. xiv., 4: Luke 1., 68, 78: Heb. ii., 6), in prison and he comes to us, shares our prison fare, and so ransoms and delivers us (Rom. viii., 2, 3: Heb. ii., 9, 10). — Abbot, quoted in 'Practical Commentary.'

'When saw we thee?'—almost unconsciously these loving deeds have been performed. The life and love of Christ flows through the Christian's work so naturally into kindness to all around him that he keeps no track of his acts of charity, and is much astonished at the mention of them.

'Inasmuch'—the smallest service rendered in Christ's name must bring a reward from Christ. The followers of Christ are his representatives here, and kindness or neglect, love or cruelty, shown to them are in reality shown to their Master. (Matt. x., 40-42.)

'Ye cursed'—these have brought the curse on themselves, it is not the Father who curses them as he blesses the others.

'Everlasting fire'—those who neglect God must suffer forever, just as those who obey him shall reign in glory forever. (Dan. xii., 2, 3: Matt. xiii., 40-43.)

'Prepared for the devil'—not prepared for sinful humanity, for our Saviour is not willing that any should perish, (II. Pet. iii., 9), but prepared for the devil and wilfully chosen by those who serve him. (Rev. xx., 10-15.)

'Ye did it not'—these are all sins of omission but they showed that those accused were not lovers of God or followers of Christ, for 'he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' (I. John iv., 20.)

Primary Lesson.

When a little twig is grafted on to a tree the life of the tree begins to flow through the twig, and the twig grows and grows with the life of the tree. Then the twig begins to bear fruit through the life of the tree in it.

So we are little twigs grafted on to Christ, and his nature and life flowing through us make us grow and bear fruit for him. The fruits we must bear are deeds of kindness and love to all around us, not only to the nice people who are kind to us but to the disagreeable people, too, and specially to those who most need kindness.

Thus we shall grow like Jesus and please him day by day.

If we try to do good acts from any other reason than for the sake of pleasing Jesus, it will be like paper flowers tied on a tree instead of real ones growing there.

Suggested Hymns.

'We are but little children,' 'Do something for Jesus to-day,' 'Jesus bids us shine,' 'Saviour, thy dying love,' 'I'll live for him,' 'There are lonely hearts to cherish,' 'Scatter seeds of kindness.'

Practical Points.

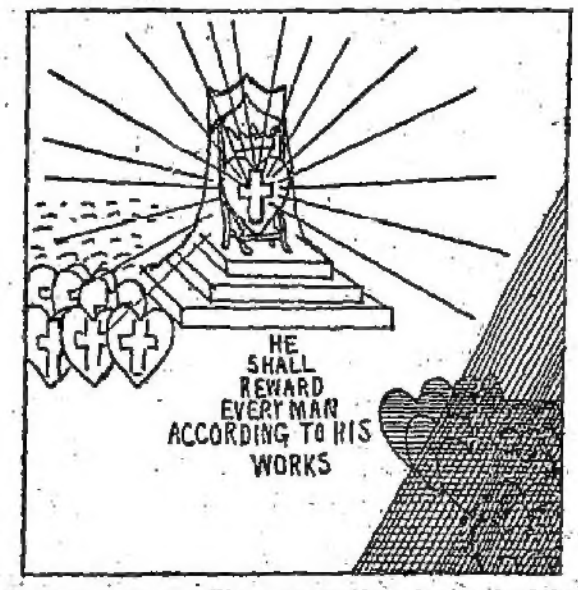
A. H. CAMERON.

May 22. — Matt. xxv., 31-46.

Glory is the leading feature of the second coming. Verse 31. The last separation shall be the only correct one. Verse 32, 33. We ought to look into verse 34 till we feel richer than the wealthiest magnate upon earth. Well for us if our deeds of mercy were so many that we could remember but a small part of them. Verses 35-39. The King's 'inasmuch' will speak rapture to the righteous, but woe to the wicked. Verses 40, 45. They who persist in saying 'depart' to the Holy Spirit, will hear their own word echoed at last. Verse 41. 'He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.' Verses 42-44. There are two eternities, but the love of our Saviour that overflowed at the cross, sends its brightness forward into that eternity which is prepared for those who love him. Verse 46.

The Lesson Illustrated.

The great thoughts of the lesson are two, judgment and separation. The illustration pictures the Christ; still bearing the marks of the crucified life, seated for judgment upon 'the throne of his glory,' crowned at



last for ever. The separation is marked by the lives 'like him,' in their symbols, as they that day shall be in fact, gathered upon the right hand to life eternal; while the others, 'go away into everlasting punishment,' in the outer darkness of separation from God.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 22.—Christ our model.—Matt. x., 24, 25: John xiii., 12-15.

The Praying Teacher.

The devoted teacher will be much in prayer. He will talk much to the Lord about his class and especially about their spiritual welfare. The anxiety of his soul will be the conversion of every member of his class. How many teachers never think to pray for the precious souls committed to their care for religious instruction from one week's end to another? Such teachers ought to wake up and get the class into their hearts or resign. Otherwise an intelligent unconverted person will do as well as they. How many godly teachers have been rewarded for their faithful fidelity to God and the class by the conversion one after another of every member of the class? And so it comes about that when one unconverted comes into the class, he finds such a blessed spirit that it is easy for him to come to Christ. A teacher should not be discouraged by delayed conversions. How many in later years have credited their salvation to the influence of faithful teachers?—J. H. Thomas.

Around the base of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral this inscription is written in honor of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren: 'Si monumentum requiras, circumspice.' If you are seeking his monument, look around. But that monument to Wren's genius and gift will crumble to mother earth, whilst the salvation that has accrued to souls through the devoted work of humble men and women will be monuments of their painstaking, self-sacrificing zeal

When the sun is old
And the moon grows cold.

—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

HOUSEHOLD.

Giving One's Best.

'I think I will give Aunt Miriam the north room. I guess she'll feel more to home here; she's been used to having things sort of plain and ordinary all her life, Aunt Miriam has.'

Miss Prime, the little dress-maker, looked up at the speaker, who sat seeding raisins in the cool hall. She looked as if she would like to say something if she quite dared, but Miss Prime was a diffident little creature, and Mrs. Laurance was a large, confident sort of person, who always knew her own mind, and was fully capable of carrying out her own plans and helping other people about theirs; and then, she was such a good woman, just to a half-penny in all her dealings, generous to the poor, liberal and ready in all church matters, so good in every way; and yet—if only she would not put Aunt Miriam in the back room, said Miss Prime to herself. But when she spoke, she said:

'Let me measure this sleeve once more, please. There, I thought it was a little long'; and while she was carefully trimming the cuff, she said: 'I think you told me this lady you expect had always had a sort of hard life, Mrs. Laurance.'

'So she has, poor soul! And I do suppose the last four years have been the very worst part of it, for she has just given herself up, body and soul, to taking care of a helpless old man—her step-father he was, and none too agreeable in his best days; and what he was them last months, I guess nobody can realize but her. Two years ago John and I were there for a day or two, and mercy's sake! I thought I should go wild to hear him fret and find fault and order her around; and here she's endured it till this spring. He's been clean off his mind, though, of late, so I do suppose one could make more allowance for him.'

'I think Miriam is such a sweet name,' said the dressmaker. 'It seems as if the owner of that name must be someone very calm and stately, and yet very gentle and lovely.'

'She is; she is really like that. It seems to rest one some way just to see her and to hear her talk. John thinks a sight of her; he says she is so much like his mother. Yes, we reckon on her visit a good deal, for she ain't had a chance before in years, and then we lived up in the Berkshires, so she's never been to this place at all.'

'Do you know, Mrs. Laurance, if I was in your place, I should give Aunt Miriam the front room?'

'I want to know! Why would you?'

The speaker rested her hands on the bowl of raisins, while she waited for the answer. Did little Miss Prime dare to criticise the way in which she ordered her household affairs?'

'Well, you know I went up there this morning to lay out your new dress skirt on the bed, and I couldn't help staying a minute or two to look around. It is such a sweet, dainty, lovely room, more so than the parlor, I think. I would love to sleep there.'

The face of the proud housekeeper softened at these words of praise.

'Yes, it's a lovely room; I'll own it.'

'I noticed everything,' went on Miss Prime, 'from wall-paper to pin-cushion; and the counterpane and shams and curtains are pure as the snow.'

'Yes, I did have excellent luck doing them up, and the room hasn't been used since; though I do go in and stand, as you say you did, and look about pretty near every day.'

"And that great easy chair by the window, all covered with white cretonne and wild roses twining all over it—that chair actually held out its arms and begged me to sit in its lap, and look out at the Sound and its white sails.'

Both women laughed a little at the quaint conceit, and Miss Prime owned: 'I did accept its invitation just a breath.'

'Why, bless you, child! take your sewing and go right up and sit there an hour, if it's any pleasure!'

'Not in work hours. I should just idle and look at the street and the Sound; but if I was going to make a visit, same as that lady is coming here, and I should be given a room like that, with a warm welcome, I think I should be full of gratitude and delight, and would know what rest means.'

'Aunt Miriam is welcome to anything—don't fancy she isn't. Only, as she is going to stay two or three weeks, a room with plainer things in it might suit her better—that's what I thought; but of course I want to do what is best all around. John's cousin and her daughter are coming next month, and they're used to things stylish, and Lawyer Nelson is coming for a night when that land suit comes off, and mebbe he'll bring his wife; so you see, I was keeping that room spick-and-span.'

'I see. I didn't know about them when I spoke; and I was thinking there wasn't much view from the back room.'

'No, only some fields and woods; and, to be sure, Aunt Miriam has had such things to look at all her life. To get a glimpse of water will be a treat to her—that is so. That little rise of ground over there is just enough to hide the view of the Sound from this lower floor. I'm always sorry for that. Well, on the whole, I guess I'll put my first company into the best room, Miss Prime, thanks to you.'

'I'm so glad; only I don't want you to feel as if I was interfering. I don't meddle in general.'

'Now, don't you worry. I'm not going to lay it up against you because you're better at heart than I am. You enter right into the needs and feelings of other people, while all the time I'm thinking of how things are going to concern me.'

'Oh, Mrs. Laurance, don't! I never though of setting up to be as good as you are, for I couldn't be!' and the little dressmaker colored rose-red, and looked quite distressed.

'There, there! we won't quarrel over ourselves; and don't you hurry to get that waist done to-day. I'll get you an early tea, and when John goes to the depot you can ride along home and come to-morrow and finish that and fix another dress a bit, and see Aunt Miriam, too.'

'And then the good housewife went out to the kitchen, and while she was beating her cake, she said to herself: Sarah Ann Laurance, sometimes you think you're quite a good woman, but you can't hold a candle to that quiet little creature in there. You're vain and proud, and striving after the praise of fashionable people that don't care two snaps for you, when you ought to go down on your knees to serve such a saint as Aunt Miriam, and be glad to. I know one thing I'll do, though; When my other company is all gone, and Millie Prime has a slack spell of work, she shall come here for a week's visit and have that front room, and take one real rest in her life, poor soul! To think of her living alone in two tiny rooms, folks all dead, and not a dollar, I guess, but her own earnings, and so sweet and cheerful, always giving to the church, and ready to help anybody; and I've hardly ever given her a thought, only when I wanted to have some sewing done. Well, I've a deal to make up to her and some others.'

The next afternoon, Aunt Miriam and Miss Prime were sitting on the front porch chatting like old and congenial friends. Mrs. Laurance, on her way out stopped to pick up a bit of lint from the carpet, and heard a few words which made her linger to hear more.

'Last Sunday I read the "Pilgrim's Progress" through once more; and you may think me fanciful, Miss Prime, but it seems as if I myself had got over a hard bit of the road, and had come to the Delectable Mountains, or the Border of Beulah. I am sure that I slept last night in the chamber called Peace; and this morning I got up at five o'clock—you see, I am used to rising early—and I sat at the window for an hour, perhaps, and just feasted my eyes and soul.'

'That's the very thing I thought you would do,' said the little dress-maker, with shining eyes.

'Yes, you can't think what a charm that blue, beautiful expanse of water has for one who has lived inland for so many years. God has given us such a beautiful world. How glad people ought to be to travel and see its beauties and wonders! I am so grateful to my friends here, who give me their very best. Did you know we were going to the beach this afternoon, Miss Prime, all of us?'

'I shall have to tell her the truth some time,' said just Mrs. Laurance. 'But dear Aunt Miriam—she is worthy of anybody's best!'—Emma A. Lente, in 'Zion's Herald.'

Ink Spots.

To remove ink from carpets, when freshly spilled, take cotton batting and soak up all the ink that it will receive, being careful not to let it spread. Then take fresh cotton batting wet in milk, and soak it up carefully. Repeat this operation, changing the cotton and milk each time. After most of the ink has been taken up in this way, rub the spot with fresh and clean cotton. Continue until all disappears; then wash the spot in clean warm water and a little soap; rinse in clear water and rub until nearly dry. For ink spots on marble, wood or paper, apply ammonia clear, just wetting the spot repeatedly

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

LETTER FROM A MOTHER.

The following letter came recently to the 'Witness' Office. There may be many, especially in the United States, who formerly took the 'Messenger,' who do not know that it is continued, or who do not know of its present enlarged form. We hope all our readers will take pains to speak to their friends about the 'Messenger.' When you have read your papers, if you will send them occasionally to friends who do not subscribe you will not only be circulating good literature, but may also be the means of inducing these friends to take the 'Messenger' for themselves.

Wellsville, Kansas.

Dear Editor, — Years ago, when I was a little girl I used to take a children's paper, entitled 'The Northern Messenger,' published at Montreal, Quebec. I think it was published by the same firm as the New York 'Witness.'

I write to find out, if possible, whether the paper is still published. I was very fond of reading it when I was a child, and know of no other I would be as willing to put into the hands of my own little boys, as I would the 'Northern Messenger.'

I would be thankful for any information you could give me in regard to it. Yours respectfully,

Mrs. A. D. C.

A MAGNIFICENT BIBLE.

Uxbridge, Ont.

Editor 'Northern Messenger':

Dear Sir, — I take great pleasure in expressing to you my sincere thanks for the magnificent bible sent me, as second prize in your 'Search Question' competition. It has exceeded my fondest expectations. It is one of the best bibles I have ever seen, and all who see it say the same. Wishing future success to the 'Messenger,' and all connected with it, I remain yours sincerely,

JAS. E. GRAY.

Athelstan, Feb. 21, 1898.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—In the early part of January I sent you twenty subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' In due time I received the bible you advertised, and I am very much pleased with it. It is a great deal nicer than I thought it would be, Please accept many thanks for it, as I feel well repaid for any trouble I had getting the names. I go to Huntingdon Academy, and have not much time for writing, but I got the names I sent during my holidays. From your young friend,

ALICE WILSON.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

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